

Tradition Upset

(Continued from page 3.)

mill Jimmy, but it's no sign she'll live to do it. I've the wash money—arrah, now I've out widdit! But what do I want of a wash-woman when I've been one myself? So every dollar you thought went to Kitty Cole last year, went into me own shocking instid. I know ye are hard pressed, bein' election year, but here's this all put by—

Jimmy choked a bit and patted her arm. "Take it and have your own vacation, mother. 'Tis a mortal hot July. I'd not thought of it, I've been so busy. I can scrape up enough to send you both somewhere to live like ladies for a while—"

"What do I want of goin'?" Take this now and mind what I say!"

But she shook her head and put her by. He went on to the tiny portico where Mary Ella sat, her head leaning against a pillar. In the moonlight she looked pale and small. With the ache in his throat still troublesome, he sat down beside her. He put his arm around her and Mary Ella's cheek delicately touched his own. "The old mother had a warm jacket laid up for me, for not seeing how the heat was wearing you away. You see, I'm so used to it. I never notice, and I'm pretty busy, Mary Ella, you know that."

"Yes," she said listlessly, her cheek drooped now against his shoulder. "So the thing for you is to pack and get out from here before another heat wave comes on."

"Are you going too?"

"Lord, no! Why, honey, I can hardly spare time to sleep."

Her fingers twisted a button of his coat. "Then I am not going either."

His heart palpitated queerly. "It's nearly August, and then we have cool nights. The mother can go."

"She wouldn't. She's a regular salamander like her son Shamus. But if you were to get ill or—anything, here. But I'd miss you a lot," he added irrelevantly.

"I am not going, Shamus," she said with a flat finality. "I am going to stay right here, and I am not going to be ill, either."

August turned out well, cool, and damp with a daily breeze up from the river that tempered the long days of sunshine. Mary Ella began to win back the roses to her cheeks. September came and vanished; October bronzed the leaves along the squares and sent them scurrying to the sidewalks. Jimmy, coming home fagged and late, often had a wistful expectancy that Mary Ella would come might be waiting for him at the gate; or that the hall door would be half-open and she would run to him out of the shadow for the touch of his lips on hers, or his arm intimately about her waist. He was worn out with speech-making and the arduous labors of the campaign, and his iron nerves were shaken. He had cast all his hopes into this melting-pot of ambition. He wanted the nomination more than he had ever wanted anything in life—except Mary Ella, and now Mary Ella was his own, and he wanted, as he phrased it, "to make good" for her.

Mary Ella, placidly sitting by his heartstone, and lifting a cool, sweet cheek for his kiss, seemed to have little guess at what went on under the flame-colored hair.

On this October evening they sat with a few blazing coals making a languid heat in the room. Mary Ella had a bit of work in her fingers; her low chair creaked industriously. Jimmy smoked intermittently; the cigar smoked down his ruffled spirits. "I'm up against it good and heavy," he said moodily. "The Old Guard's against me. You can't blame 'em." He grinned and glanced at his wife's wedding ring. "And Connelly's too much to be out of devilment. He'll swing the shop vote against me, I'm afraid. They don't love him, but it's a case of bread and butter, and principle has to go hang. So I'm between old Harry and the brim deep."

He sighed and relighted the cigar—that had gone out.

"Oh, you'll be elected!" Mary Ella said, comfortably threading her needle. "I've got to be," he said grimly. "I've got to be. Do you think I'm going to have you cooped up here in this bird-cage forever? Honey, I want you to have a house and things in it. Not like these—" he grinned, a bit tenderly, though, and swept the pictures, the curtains, the chairs, in one inclusive gesture—"but big rooms with polished floors—and you know the rest."

"Yes," she said, and looked hard at her seam. "But Shamus, haven't we been—reasonably happy—here?"

He leaned over and took her hand and kissed the ring. "Honey," he said. Speech failed him. Something at his tongue-tip remained unspoken.

Mary Ella felt the insistent regard of his eyes upon her when, the next morning, she took the early car with him down town. These little jauntings were holidays for both. At the corner by the courthouse he left her with a wave of his hand and that wistful backward glance that brought a sudden color to her face.

Mary Ella leisurely inspected the fall millinery, and surveyed the shop windows decked for Halloween. But her morning shopping was summarized in various small and dainty bundles she carried in her arms. The brightness of the air tempted her to walk leisurely the long square home. Her route lay past the station. She glanced across casually; her glance lingered, arrested by a figure on the curbstone. There, satchel in hand, resplendent in heavy black satin, jingling all over with fringe of jet bugles, stood a person—not to say a personage! She addressed Mary Ella with a flashing eye and a rich and unctuous brogue.

"Have ye seen the loikes o' me son Timothy as wor to meet me here at tin-twenty, prompt o' the clock?"

"I am afraid I haven't," Mary Ella said. "Have you waited long?"

"Descended forty minutes ago, not knowin' a soul in town and me purse

stolen, and no price of a meal on me nor a cup o' tay."

Mary Ella's glance included the broad, florid Irish face, the honest eyes beneath tempestuous brows.

"I have a little money here you are welcome to," she said, smiling. "I spent nearly all I had shopping."

"I'll accept it gladly as a loan, Timothy, me son, will repay. What name, miss?"

"Mrs. Shamus O'Neill. But really you needn't trouble about it at all."

"O'Neill?" the tempestuous brows arched. "Forty years ago in County Clare I went to the National School with Michael O'Neill. He married Biddy Callahan, me girlhood friend."

The color ran up into Mary Ella's face. "Oh, Jimmy's mother was Bridget Callahan! Oh, do come home with me!"

And it actually fell about that having introduced herself as Katie Nolan, the stranger and Mary Ella went happily down the street, Mrs. Nolan stepping high, her black satin skirts uplifted, for thrift clung to her; what had once been necessity had long become a habit.

What a meeting there was between the old mother and Kathleen! They wept, but thriftily so as not to drop one tear on the awesome splendor of bugles and satin. Mrs. Nolan sat in state in the parlor, where the old mother presently joined her, herself tidied up in the best mohair, with a silk apron a-top. It was Nora's day out, and Mary Ella, humming happily, laid the table for luncheon, and having an aspiration, brewed a very great pot of tea, and broiled long rashers of bacon with poached eggs for garnish.

A meal they made of it, Mary Ella waiting on them, the roses blooming on her cheeks and lips.

"Hotel cooking. I'm sick of it," declared Mrs. Nolan. "Tim keeps his old mother like a laddy, sure, but there's only the two of us and Tim out and gone often. If he'd get married! But you were always the one for luck, Biddy O'Neill."

She shook a playful finger at Mary Ella, "An' I mistake not, there's more and better luck comin'."

Mary Ella bloomed a brilliant carmine. The old mother stared a bit. Her spoon rattled in her saucer.

"Holy mother!" she said. "an' her waitin' on us when—run along now, honey; not a finger do you lay on a dish! An' me not dreamin'! Run along, dearie, Kathleen Nolan ain't above settin' here formin' the hearth while I tidy dishes and brew a bit more tea for company."

Mary Ella obediently "ran along." In the privacy of her little bedroom she undid her bundles and spread out the contents on the bed. The dimples deepened in her cheeks; with a forefinger and thumb she touched the fleeciness of the flannel, tested the daintiness of dimity.

The bell rang loudly. Mary Ella straightened the frill at her throat, and went sedately to the door. The day seemed prolific of personages. Importance dwelt in the manner and attire of the one now confronting her. But Mary Ella, in the old days so used to celebrities, was unawakened by this one.

"Will you come in?" she said.

"Can you give me any information regarding my mother, Mrs. Nolan?"

"She is just having luncheon with us. Won't you come in, Mr. Nolan?"

He came in, ponderously, hat in hand. He was red-faced and his eyes were bright points under his tempestuous brows.

"I've been chasing all over town on the lookout for her. My car broke down before I got to Pachunka, and by the time I telephoned, she had left the station."

"Mrs. Nolan and my mother-in-law were old friends," Mary Ella explained.

"And you are Mrs. Jimmy O'Neill, then?" he said. He looked at her with some respectful amusement. He had heard of Jimmy's incursion upon the chief treasures of Cherry Hill.

"Mrs. Shamus O'Neill, if you please," her eyes laughed into his. "I like the Gaelic."

"You like the Irish, eh?" he sat down on the davenport.

"One would think so. Won't you have luncheon with us, Mr. Nolan?"

"Thanks, I've had a bit early. Would you tell mother I'm here?"

Mary Ella disappeared and presently returned. "She will be in as soon as she finishes her tea."

"I'll wager she's drunk a dozen cups already," her son chuckled.

"She misses the tea and gossip, living as we do." He revolved the rim of his hat between his fingers, surveying in turn the portraits on the wall. He chuckled again as his gaze fastened upon Jimmy's.

"He's always had that hair, hasn't he? Pretty busy in his campaign, I guess?"

"Yes," Mary Ella said. "Of course, he'll be elected. The Old Guard—as folk call them—is against him. And so is the Hon. Timothy Connelly; Jimmy is having a stiff fight, Mr. Nolan, but he will win."

Mr. Nolan looked at the floor, then at Mary Ella, from the bronze-gold of her hair to the tip of her arched and slipped foot.

"Go in for politics much, Mrs. O'Neill?"

"Oh, dear no!" she said. "I don't know or care a thing about anybody's race but Jimmy's."

Mrs. Nolan came sailing in. Severely sat upon her countenance. Her son eyed her in visible trepidation.

"Now, mother—" he began. She cut him short.

"I've had a beyootiful toime, and no thanks to you, Timothy, me boy! First off, I lost me purse, but I met up widd the pretty rose of a girl that

is Shamus's wife, and she ups and empties her pocket-book into me hand, an' her not knowin' me either from Adam's off ox. After all, I had no need of it, for I finds her Biddy's own darter-in-law, and here's Biddy waitin' in wid open arms for me. And the looncheon set before me, and the bit of gossip I've had the day! Now it's not to the hotel I'll be goin' wid ye; ye may come in the car before train-time, I am on me way to visit wid me sister at Fulton," she explained to Mrs. O'Neill. "But till I go, I am stayin' wid Biddy."

Her son got to his feet. He looked hesitatingly at Mary Ella. "'Tis no trouble to you?" he said.

"Trouble! Mother and I are delighted to have her."

He went away then, returning at four. Mary Ella proffered him a cup of tea and some tiny cakes. He sipped the tea, looking on amusedly at the voluble Irish good-byes. Then having drained his cup, he set it on the tray, and turned to the young wife of Shamus.

"Jimmy sent me a message a few months ago, but I have not complied with his request, Mrs. O'Neill."

"I am sure if Jimmy made it it was a very reasonable one."

He laughed deep in his throat. "He told me to go to the devil."

"Well?" Mary Ella said calmly, but with a twinkle, "it is not yet too late, is it?"

At that the chuckle rolled in his throat. His glance and nod approved the instance of her retort.

"'Tis plain ye're the girl for Jimmy. And tell him this from me: I bear no grudges for reasons of me own. An' tell him from me he is mistaken about Connelly. He is not against him for the nomination."

"Oh!" Mary Ella said breathlessly, clasping her hands, "are you sure, Mr. Nolan?"

"Sure!" He grinned and his eyes twinkled at her. "But tell him this due to no virtue nor deed of his own, but to the fact that Connelly is a soft-hearted fellow when it comes to his old mother, and if once she found out he'd voted against the husband of Mrs. Shamus O'Neill, I tremble to think what would happen to Connelly."

"But—" began Mary Ella in perplexity, her eyes wide. "But Mr. Nolan—"

"Beggin pardon, but my name is not Nolan, Mrs. O'Neill. Me mother was twice married, you see—I'm Connelly."

Jimmy had had a grilling day. He had won a case for the county after a hard and stubborn fight. But he knew Connelly had been in town busy as ever, working like a mole underground. Jimmy's homeward route took him past Cherry Hill. He scowled up at the porticoed mansions, for sometimes the fang of conscience bit deep. As he swung toward the crowded, narrow gray street of home his heart leaped out and ran before him all the way.

Then—was it some trick of fate—to cheat him—or did he fancy the door half-open and the glimpse of a white gown beyond? He came up the walk, up the steps. Then with a little rush of his garments she ran to him and lifted her face for his kiss.

His weariness fell from him. After supper he came into the room with his tousled hair on end, an old jacket on in lieu of a coat.

"I won the case," he said. He drew Mary Ella to his knee. "It's been a lucky day for me. You know those lots I've been holding, bought 'em for a song long time ago? Well, the new addition includes them and I'll get twenty-five hundred out of them and the best one left to build my own house on. But Connelly was in town today, and—"

"You needn't be afraid of Connelly," Mary Ella said. And then she told the tale.

The telling left him speechless for a long minute. Then he began laughing; he laughed so long and happily that Mary Ella put her hand over his mouth.

"I knew, though, he was not Mr. Nolan. I'd seen his pictures in the papers too often not to recognize him."

At that confession he went off again. By and by he had his laugh out and grew somewhat too sober.

"I'm a lucky man," he said after awhile.

"There's just one thing under it all that hurts. You've had a thorn in your finger you couldn't get out? Every time you touched it, it only went deeper?"

She nodded, twisting a button of his jacket in her fingers.

"Well, here's my thorn: I wish I had won you by fair means, not foul."

There was a long silence. The button came off, and she sat looking at it, her chin dropped.

"What do you mean—by fair?"

"That night I took you out in the boat; I knew it was late. And I knew there'd be a row. But I meant to have you. I knew I'd never want anybody but you."

"I knew it was late, too," she said slowly. "But there seemed to be no other way. For three years I'd waited—you wouldn't speak or—and I knew I'd never want anybody but you."

They sat very still, his arms closely about her. Suddenly she reached up to run her fingers through his hair. He heard her little low laugh.

"Don't rub it in!" he said ruefully, smoothing his locks. But she slipped her fingers into his hand.

"Let it alone. I love it. But I was just wondering if little Shamus Michael would have red hair?"

Fourteen county demonstration agents went with the Extension Division Force of the University of Florida to study pork production in South Georgia. C. K. McQuarrie, state agent, A. P. Spencer and E. S. Pace, district agents, and G. L. Herrington, corn club agent, went. The hog business of Florida will receive a stimulus as a result of the trip.

Friend—"What was the cause of that boating accident?"

Water man—"Too full."

"The boat too full?"

"No, the fellers in it."

Untruthful.

"Skinner boasts that he never lets anybody get ahead of him—that he takes nobody's dust."

"Skinner's a falsifier. He takes everybody's dust he can lay his hands on."—Boston Transcript.

TAX NOTICE.

I shall be at Precincts with Tax Book on the following days:

Florahome, Monday, a. m. January 17th.

Grandin, Monday, p. m., January 17th.

Interlachen, Friday, a. m., January 21st.

Hollister, Friday, p. m., January 21st.

Johnson, Monday, January 24th.

Baldwin's School House, Tuesday, January 25th.

Crescent City, Thursday, January 27th, and Friday, January 28th.

Welaka, Monday, a. m., January 31st.

Pomona, Monday, p. m., January 31st.

On above dates my office will be closed.

R. J. HANCOCK, Tax Collector.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the East Florida Savings & Trust Company, will be held at the office of said Company in Palatka, Florida, at 12 o'clock noon, on Monday, January 17th, 1916, for the purpose of electing Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, to consider amendments to the by-laws, to see if the stockholders will authorize an increase of the Capital Stock of said Company, and for such other business as may come before said meeting.

W. S. BURDETTE, Secretary.

Dec. 31st, 1915.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Wilson Cypress Company, of Palatka, Fla., for the year 1916, will be held at the office of the company in Palatka, Fla., on Wednesday, February 2nd, 1916, for the election of directors and such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. H. WILSON, Sec'y.

Palatka, Dec. 31st, 1915.

Notice.

The Annual meeting of the stockholders of the Selden Cypress Door Company will be held, in accordance with the By-Laws of the Company on Friday, February 4th, 1916, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the office of the Company in Palatka, Fla.

H. L. GARDNER, Sec.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Palatka Development Company will be held at their office, Palatka, Fla., Wednesday, January 19th, 1916 at 10:30 o'clock a. m. for the purpose of selecting directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may come before the meeting.

L. WARREN, Secretary.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed Under Section 8 of Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida.

NOTICE is hereby given that J. G. Smith, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 818, dated the 17th day of July, A. D. 1915, has filed said certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law.

Said certificate embraces the following described property, situated in Putnam County, Florida, to-wit:

W¹/₂ of NW¹/₄ and SE¹/₄ of SE¹/₄, Section 9, Township 11 S., Range 34 E., 120 Acres.

The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of said certificate in the name of New South Farm & Home Co. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 31st day of January, A. D. 1916.

Witness my official signature and seal this 31st day of December, A. D. 1915.

(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON, Clerk Circuit Court, Putnam Co., Fla.

By H. Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed Under Section 8 of Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida.

NOTICE is hereby given that Huntington Turpentine Co. purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 400, dated the 7th day of July, A. D. 1915, has filed said certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law.

Said certificate embraces the following described property, situated in Putnam County, Florida, to-wit:

W¹/₂ of SE¹/₄ and NW¹/₄ of SE¹/₄, Section 5, Township 11 S., Range 37 E., 120 Acres.

The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of said certificate in the name of Huntington Turpentine Co. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 17th day of January, A. D. 1916.

Witness my official signature and seal this 17th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON, Clerk Circuit Court, Putnam Co., Fla.

By H. Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

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Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Putnam County, Florida, to-wit:

SE¹/₄ of NW¹/₄, Section 5, Township 11 S., Range 37 E., 40 Acres.

The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of said certificate in the name of E. S. Robinson.

Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 17th day of January, A. D. 1916.

Witness my official signature and seal this 17th day of December, A. D. 1915.

(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON, Clerk Circuit Court, Putnam Co., Fla.

By H. Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MASTER'S SALE.

By virtue of a decree of foreclosure of the Eighth Judicial Circuit of Florida, in and for Putnam County, by the Hon. J. T. Willis, Judge of said Court, dated December 12th, A. D. 1915, wherein Fred V. Owen, as Executor of the herein deceased, and testament of Emma J. Peer, was the complainant, and J. R. Near, and his wife, and James H. Near, et al. are defendants, and wherein I am appointed as Special Master in Chancery to carry out said decree, I shall offer for sale and sell at public

auction, for cash to the highest and best bidder, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Palatka, Putnam County, Florida, on the first Monday in February, A. D. 1916, to-wit: on FEBRUARY 7th, 1916,

during the legal hours of sale, the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in said cause, to-wit: All of the following described lands, situated in Putnam County, State of Florida, and particularly described and designated as follows, to-wit:

Lot Three (3), in Block number Twenty-nine (29), containing ten acres as shown on a plat of the village of Satsuma, on file in the Clerk's office of Putnam County, Florida, at Palatka;

One acre of land on the East side of Lot number Four (4), in Block number Thirty-seven (37), as shown on a plat of the village of Satsuma, on file in the Clerk's office of Putnam County, Florida, at Palatka, described as beginning at a point 330 feet northerly from the corner post, set corner Second Street and Fifth Avenue, thence

along the West side of Second Street, 154 feet; thence at right angles to Second Street, westerly, 220 feet; thence southerly, and parallel Second Street, 144 feet; and thence easterly, 220 feet to West side of Second Street, to place of beginning, subject to all legal highways.

JOHN E. MARSHALL, Special Master in Chancery.

E. E. HASKELL, Complainant's Solicitor.

CITATION.

In the Court of the County Judge, in and for Putnam County, State of Florida.

Estate of SAMUEL J. KENNERLY, Deceased.

In the Matter of the Petition of Lella A. Kennerly, Administratrix of said Estate, to take possession of Certain Lands of said Estate.

To Clarence H. Kennerly, Maude Kennerly and Lucille Kennerly Wilkins, heirs-at-law of Samuel J. Kennerly, deceased:

East Florida Savings & Trust Company, a Banking Corporation under the Laws of Florida; and all Other Persons interested in the Real Estate hereinafter described:

You, and each